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THE GATE OF THE KLONDIKE.

BY A. A. HILL.

THE ALASKAN DISTRICT THROUGH WHICH PASS THE ONLY AVAILABLE TRAILS TO THE RICHES OF THE YUKON MINES—ITS REMARKABLE SCENERY, ITS POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE, AND THE DISPUTE AS TO ITS TREATY BOUNDARIES.

SEEN from the deck of an ocean steamer, the southeastern coast of Alaska, at the head of Lynn Canal, puts a damper upon the enthusiasm of the average gold seeker. Many a man who started from Seattle full of hope and courage has turned back without even leaving the steamer which took him up there, while still more have become infirm of purpose as soon as they struck the forbidding mountain rampart that looms up a few miles from the shore.

Among the passengers on our steamer was a man from the Pacific Coast. He was a giant in stature, in the prime of life, and a fine specimen of physical manhood. During the voyage up he had been somewhat garrulous as to the plans he intended to pursue to wrest the yellow metal from the frozen ground when he reached the gold fields of the Yukon. He had also expressed his opinion freely as to the lack of judgment shown by so many in attempting to reach a country where only the most robust could hope to be successful.

"According to all accounts," said he, as he strode the deck one day, head thrown back and chest extended, "the Klondike is no place for a tenderfoot. A man needs plenty of bone

and muscle as well as grit to get along there."

The morning of our arrival was a dismal one. The harbor is well protected by the surrounding hills, yet it was bitter cold, the wind blew a hurricane, and for more than four hours we were unable to make fast to the rude pier that runs



AT THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY LINE—THE UNION JACK AND THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE WHITE PASS SUMMIT, WITH A DETACHMENT OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

From a photograph by Hogg, Skagway.

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